

Comp series-The Spitoonos and elsewhere

An E-Mail Improv by Trio Quattro and Lenny Hall

This series was started using a series of digital images ()

e-mailed 4,6 or 3 at a time.

(1) Just A frame.I guess.

(2) A rare metal from some far out place came into the picture.

(3) The window was the entrance to this other world and it gave an indication that there were more clues to methods for enter this world.

It was all about color.

(4) Suddenly an alarm went off and the port hole to the other world

and its existence was limited untill the viewer was scanned for acceptance.

This is great! A science fiction story.

(5) A purple scanning ball appeared to absorb the viewers brain contents for acceptability and create what we would understand as a bar code. (6) After acceptance was confirmed the info was then absorbedinto the giant data base for proper classification into THE OTHER ZONE.

(7) All the data received was also absorbed into a second data base for back up if entrance back into the world of *so called* reality was hindered because of fragmenting and defragmenting elements on the subjects return from the Other Zone.

Back up often. Back ups are very important.

(8) The fibers of life were drawned to what could be thought as the Number One Drive,as it was called in the Other Zone so the subjects vital energies could be converted to the energy of the Other Zone.

(9) The Energies were also preserved on what the inhibitants to the Other Zone refer to as The Return or Back Up Drive and the

processing was complete.Visual Mode would soon be allowed.

(10) The Journey into The Other Zone began when the pools of blue came into view.

You are now entering The Other Zone. From the windows on the right you can see...

(11) The Pools expanded.I had the feeling something worthwhile was soon in store.

(12) It seemed to be going slow.Maybe one of the Drives were distracted by other Port Holes.

(13) Suddenly what seemed to be a colony of some kind appeared in the Port Hole and before I knew it like a vacuum I was propelled down into The Other Zone.And so began my adventure into the world of The Flugnoids and my studies into their art and culture.

We here in Reality admire the brave explorers of The Other Zone and wish them well in their study of the world of the Flugnoids.

(14) It seemed like a microsecond from the time my being was somehow transported from what would be called The Black Window of Reality into The Other Zone but somehow the time ratio had advanced.A portion of my awareness was still fixed on the Image Window and the scene had changed and evolved with appeared to be more structures taking up the landscape.My physical body had no ability to move not even an eye lid.Another part of my being was Down Below somewhere in The Other Zone.I felt as if I still had a physical body but something was different.It was like my DNA or something had been converted into a file form that would be compatible with The Other World and the beings that lived there. I was in what appeared to be a field but could see what seemed to be a city or industry in the far distance so I began walking in that

direction.I soon realized that my hearing was gone.So was my sense of smell and all body functions including the urge to eat,drink or expell body waste.My eyes seemed to work better than ever in fact the clarity was super fine tuned like HD T.V. or a Plasma Screen. I could breath but it seemed extremely slow and deep as if one breath would last several minutes.I had no taste of what I was breathing but it seemed very heavy and every exhalation produced a fog of dark black vapor as think as soot.It felt good to inhale or what I would term as Importing Atmosphere but when I exhaled or Exported Atmosphere it felt like I was releasing a mixture that was the building block of The Other World and I was one of its filters for the beings that existed there.I walked for what seemed to be hundreds of miles and eventually came upon what appeared to be some form of liquid mass like an ocean.My breathing was now producing a petroleum substance instead of the sooty fog and before I realized it I collapsed and found myself immobile and my mouth spewing out the petroleum substance as thick as molasses into the Liquid Mass like an industrial drain pipe untill the last bit of energy (Juice) I had faded like an eclipse and I closed my eyes in anticipation of my soon to be death.As my eye lids became as heavy as lead and my breathing so slow and faint I took one last look at the Other Zone before everything went black. I like it! Very cool spooky sci-fi. I'm digging the concept of exhaling your organic essence as a dark sludge and the slowed-down breathing was a great effect.

What you have written for Comp 1 to 14 would be a great voice-over narration for a slide show of the images. Can you use iMovie that way?

(15) As my eyelids dropped like molten lava and my final breath

was exhausted my eyes opened again and I was back looking at the Window to The Other Zone but the scene (Image) had changed. I felt like the wind had been knocked out of me and took a long deep breath. The oxygen had a flavor I had never appreciated and even seemed to have a taste but it only lasted for a few breaths then I coughed for several minutes until I brought up what appeared to be a small gray ragged dish sponge which was soaked with a slime of some kind and chunks of black goo oozing out as it spat out and hit the floor. I had a feeling that a spittoon would come in handy if my journeys into The Other Zone were to continue in the same vein, even if it was only an empty coffee can with a little water inside. When I looked up the Image had changed or what I would term as Evolved again while I was distracted.

Hahaha! - "spittoon" - that's good.

(16) As I took in and was absorbed in the new Image I notice the landscaped had evolved and immediately found my being in some other Plane of Humanity (existance)that was pitch black and sensed it was not the Other Zone. I was in what appeared to be a very large room like a warehouse but the light was so limited it was difficult to perceive my surroundings like looking through cellophane. The only thing I could make out were two easy chairs so I relaxed in one. The internal chatter of my thought processes had taken a recess and I was able to perceive all the frequencies of the unique sounds that I was observing. It was like an orchestra of sound very soothing when I realized there was someone now sitting in the other chair. I could only make out the contours of its shape due to the Fog Of Mystery but it was certainly human or at least generated by Bio-Plasmic qualities and energies.

A warm breeze engulfed me as a soft feminine voice seeped into my brain like lotion on dry chapped skin so I listened as the

vibration enter my being.

There is no reason for you to speak at this time.Let your internal dialogue continue to remain inactive so you may Import the necessary ingredients to continue your studies and complete the formula you were meant to utilize and distribute to the Vagabonds of Humanity.At this moment you do not occupy space in The Other Zone but in a neutral region called The Void.The Void is like a rest stop.In the beginning it is recommended to enter The Void before entering The Other Zone for your expeditions into the Realms of Reality.Your organism is not designed to withstand the elements operating through out the Other Zone.Human beings are enslaved by the limitations and requirements of the physical body but that body is only one that is required for a completed unit.Your species has seven bodies wrapped around each other like strands of fabric.If the fabric is loose so is the qualities of its charactor.If the fabric is woven properly and is snug but not overly tight flexibility can operate effectively and efficiently in any society or environment whether it be Organic,Inorganic,or Ultra-Organic.One of these seven bodies was left in The Other Zone and is dying.If this body is not recovered your capacity to function even in the world of the physical will be crippling because it was your emotional body and if that body was to decontinue so would your emotional life be eliminated in the physical realm where you are designed to function.Neglect of either the physical,emotional or intellectual bodies can sometimes be repaired but death to one of these is also death for what you experience as life in the physical world quicker than you can say spiton. You still have a few threads of your emotional body attached to your astral body.These will guide you back to the location where your emotional body lays dormant and inactive. You'll be operating within the confines of your intellectual body so have caution for The

Void is a shady place with many diversions that can lead you to your doom as easy as during your activities in physical world you call reality..Then suddenly like in a movie there was a slow fade out and I found myself back in front of my computer screen with another new image before me.I realized it might be best to get some much needed sleep and return to the task I needed to accomplish when my energy level was somewhat replenished and turned off my computer.Oh man, that has to be some of the deepest shit you have ever written. Awesome! I think I am witnessing the birth of a new psychological cult that will enable mankind to evolve to its next level of existence. That was so eerie, after my reaction to comp 15, when you singled out the word "spitoon" in this one. You are operating on the edge of universal symbolic reality here and I am glad you got some sleep. I doubt if you were fully aware that you were walking right at the edge of the abyss. I understand your need to make these journeys, but for God's sake, please be careful.The images seem to function as spring boards into the story. Most of what I do is just a springboard to something else later anyways.I use goggle to check spelling now so that speeds up the process a bit.

I know what you are talking about. My movies are the same way. First come the images, then the words spring into my mind. I never know what my characters are actually going to say until I see them on the screen moving around.

My fathers step father Bill Noyes smoked a pipe and had a spitoon

by his chair on the porch and one next to his T.V. chair. It was a coffee can with a news paper under it with some water. He didn't have any teeth

so he wrapped string around the ends of all his pipes so they wouldn't

fall out of his mouth.

My grandfather chewed tobacco and had the same coffee can. He would never try any long-distance spitting. He always picked it up and spat into it. You can imagine how happy it made my grandmother to have his spittoon in the living room.

Bill would sometimes pick up the can to spit but also had the can positioned

next to his chair for a straight shot when he leaned over to spit. There were

two sizes he used. The big can most of the time. I guess it was whatever we

had cause I remember the smaller coffee can also. I just got a funny idea.

How about a skit called The Spitoones. Everyone in the family chews or

smokes a pipe or cigarettes and cigars so there are spittoons everywhere

even in the bedrooms. Grampa smokes a pipe. Gramma does Snuff. The son

who still lives at home smokes cigars and his wife smokes cigarettes. The

sister who also still lives at home chews. The two kids of the son also chew

as does the daughter of the sister would also live in the home. The living

room has a large industrial fan the size of a window. They never turn

on the fan unless everyone in the room is having a coughing fit. As soon as everyone stop coughing the fan gets turned off and they all go back to what they were doing. The Spitoon family could be like a modern day oddball family the old series **The Munsters or the Adams Family.** The family is well off due to past lawsuits so people are always trying to get on their good side because they want or need something from them. They have at least 30 lawsuits going at a time including auto, personal injury products they purchase and other means. Gramma has a scam going with coupons. Their lawyer (from T.V. ads) spends so much time there attending to the cases that he could should have a room. He's got the hots for the daughter so that wouldn't be bad if only he could find the courage to ask her out but he thinks he's not good enough until he gets that really big payoff on one of the lawsuits for the family. The family is always broke because they spend a lot of money they get on lottery tickets especially scratch tickets. Gramma likes going out often to bingo. Their friends and neighbors run and junkyard and are always selling them cars that alway break down. The sons wifes family own a town dump which is one of their favorite and only places they care to go. Their house is full of everything

they bring back when they go. To them its like going to Walmart and they

get first dibbs. One sideline they have is their property is a regular yard

sale with items they no longer think they need and can part with. The

family is always thinking of ways to attract more customers that are off the wall.

Hahaha! We need you at the FOX network creating new shows for them. You have a knack for the TV sitcom thing And "The Spitoons" is not only a variation of the Munsters and the Adams but I see some Beverly Hillbillies in there too.

Also, we need one relative who is totally grossed out by her family. She is always trying to get everybody to quit spitting. She of course, doesn't smoke or drink and only eats organically-grown vegetables. Her boyfriend is a wimp, so the Spitoons are always just about to seduce him into taking up the Spitoon lifestyle and she has to yank him back just in the nick of time. It really gripes her that she can't break with the Spitoons because every time her boyfriend has a financial disaster, the Spitoons bail him out.

I think the name could be The Spatoonies or The Spitoonos as a hint to

the show The Sopranos. Maybe the Spatoonies could be their relatives

that are the bad seeds of the clan. The relative who is grossed out could

be Gramma's sister Delphine who always believed she was given to the

wrong family at birth but looks so much like Gramma Gert that no one

is ever convinced. She has high falootin friends she is always trying to

impress but they always fall in with the Spitoonos like the boyfriend because the family is genuine, sincere, and always come up with a simple,

logical solution to whatever mishaps that occurs that seems extremely

tragic to them. Delphine's boyfriend Stu has money. He's a milk toast marshmallow but deep inside just wants to be a regular guy and be accepted by people like the clan makes him feel. Grampa's name is Tick. The son is Nick. Wife of the son is Peaches. .

Stu owns a few properties that he is trying to convert into condos but two of the properties are rooming houses that he inherited. His brother

Bob inherited the good property in the best part of town but has other

land where he is trying to build a mall so everyone in the town doesn't

like him except the town manager. The town dump that is privately owned by The Rocco family is in the middle of the two parcels of land where the mall is planned so he needs to get it. A local company Charles

River "The Rat Farm", that breeds mice and rats by the thousands for lab

use has their trash taken to the dump and is mostly mice, rat and other

rodent shit that Walter Rocco and his buddy Mike grow marijuana. It's

the best around because of the rodent shit that is used for a top layer over

the trash.Few people know about it cause Wally and Mike run the bulldozers and tell trucks were to drop their loads when they show up.

Walter is a biker.

If a couple of years from now, after we have forgotten all about this, the FOX Network introduces a new show called the Spitoonos, will there be a lawsuit? Save these emails! They are your proof that you had the idea first.

When they end up on my home page someday I'll be safe.Of course I'll

probably incorporate them as an idea in the performance company for

development someday too.

I've developed a great fondness for all the characters we've created over the years.Its given me great insight on creating characters and have it written so performers could have an idea of what their roles are and creating stories.

I'm still learning about characters and how to create them. Everything helps, so I enjoy the character work you and I do.

Even my little claymation guys are starting to come alive for me. I just named them the other day, so at least they will have names in the next clip. And I am thinking about their back story while the front story continues to move forward. It would be fun to do an amateur TV series.

It would also be a lot of work. The ideal situation would be a public access channel giving a grant (maybe

**donating free use of a studio) to a group of amateurs like
us. Then you could get The Spitoonos on the air before
FOX does it.**

THE END